DAVID · SLINEY · FABELA

SPIDER-MAN® 2099

#1

ALL-NEW MARVEL NOW!

001

AR

HI, I'M **LYLA**, MIGUEL'S LYRATE LIFE-FORM APPROXIMATION HOLOGRAPHIC ASSISTANT.

HERE'S THE DOWNLOAD ON **SPIDER-MAN 2099's** BACKSTORY.

MIGUEL O'HARA WAS A YOUNG GENETICS GENIUS EMPLOYED AT MEGACORPORATION **ALCHEMAX** IN THE FUTURE CITY OF **NUEVA YORK**. ONE OF HIS EXPERIMENTS, TO REPLICATE THE POWERS OF YOUR CURRENT SPIDER-MAN, WAS TURNED AGAINST HIM AND REWROTE HIS DNA TO MAKE IT **50% SPIDER!** HE GAINED **AMAZING POWERS** AND BECAME THE SPIDER-MAN OF THE YEAR 2099.

RECENTLY, **A TEMPORAL DISTORTION** THREATENED THE LIFE OF TYLER STONE, HEAD OF ALCHEMAX IN 2099 (AND SECRETLY MIGUEL'S **FATHER**)! SPIDER-MAN 2099 TRAVELED BACK TO THE EARLIEST DAYS OF ALCHEMAX (WHICH YOU CALL THE PRESENT) TO SAVE THE LIFE OF HIS GRANDFATHER **TIBERIUS STONE**. BUT MIGUEL WAS **STRANDED** IN 2014 WITH NO WAY HOME! FORTUNATELY HE HAS ME TO HELP HIM NAVIGATE THE EARLY 21ST CENTURY.

LET'S SEE HOW HE'S DOING!

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YEAH, I KNOW THERE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE ANY TRUCKS ON THE SOUTHERN STATE. SCREW IT.

I GOT DEADLINES TO MEET AND I DON'T HAVE TIME TO BYPASS TO THE *LIE!*

SERVAL INDUSTRIES

LOOK, I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, OKAY?

WHAT'S THE *WORST* THING THAT CAN HAPPEN? A COP STOPS ME? SO I GET A TICKET. SO WH--?

THE HELL--?!

JEEZ!

HOLY CRAP!

IRONMAN

SERVAL INDUSTRIES

SKREEEE

ARE YOU OKAY?! ARE YOU--?

SUBJECT NEVER MARRIES OR SIRES CHILDREN. IS IRRELEVANT TO FUTURE LIFE.

=GKCHHHH=

BUT THE VEHICLE CAN BE USEFUL.

SNAP

"THIS DOESN'T LOOK BAD."

NO, NOT BAD AT ALL.

I'M HAPPY TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT!

WHAT'S THAT RED STAIN ON THE FLOOR?

MERCURO-CHROME.

BECAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE BLOOD...

IT'S DEFINITELY MERCUROCHROME. BUT IT'S OKAY, I'LL HAVE THE SUPER COME UP AND GET RID OF IT.

HI. COULD YOU COME UP TO APARTMENT 2099 WITH A SCRUB BRUSH?

YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE TO DO THAT...

I'VE ANALYZED THE STAIN, MIGUEL. YOU ARE CORRECT. IT'S BLOOD.

LYLA! DAMMIT, GO AWAY!

I'M SORRY?

NOTHING. I'LL TAKE IT.

OH, THAT'S WONDERFUL!

WE'LL REQUIRE FIRST AND LAST MONTH'S RENT AND A SECURITY DEPOSIT.

THAT SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM. I'VE COME INTO SOME MONEY LATELY.

OOOH! LOVELY! RELATIVE DIE AND LEAVE YOU AN INHERITANCE?

LOTTERY.

REALLY? HOW DID YOU PICK THE LUCKY NUMBERS?

A FUTURISTIC HOLOGRAM PULLED UP A NEWSPAPER IN ADVANCE AND TOLD ME THE WINNING NUMBERS.

PARDON?

I GUESSED.

HOW MARVELOUS!

WELL, I'M IN THE MARVELOUS BUSINESS.

SOMEBODY HERE NEED SOME BLOOD CLEANED UP?

IT'S MERCUROCHROME, TEMPEST.

RIIIIGHT.

I'LL BE DAMNED. IT'S HER.

THE WOMAN I SAVED FROM SOME MUGGERS THE OTHER DAY. THE ONE WHO SAID SHE DIDN'T WANT MY HELP.

TEMPEST, THIS IS A NEW TENANT, MR. MIKE O'MARA...

ACTUALLY, THE NAME'S MIGUEL. OR MIGGY.

WHATEVER.

SO I'LL JUST GO PROCESS THIS AND COME BACK WITH YOUR SIGNED LEASE.
THEN YOU'LL GET THE KEYS AND YOU CAN MOVE IN ANYTIME.
SURE. SOUNDS GREAT.
LOOK, TEMPEST, UH...YOU REALLY DON'T HAVE TO DO THAT.
IT'S MY JOB, SO I DO IT. YOU OKAY WITH THAT?
SURE. I GUESS.
DO, UH... DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I DO FOR A LIVING?
DO I LOOK LIKE I CARE?
NOT SO MUCH.
=SIIIIGH=
WHAT DO YOU DO? FOR A LIVING?
I'M AN EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT AT ALCHEMAX.
NEVER HEARD OF IT.
BELIEVE ME, YOU WILL. BY THE END OF THE CENTURY, ALCHEMAX WILL BE THE PREMIER CORPORATION IN NUEVA YORK.
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THE HQ FROM ONE END OF THE ISLAND TO THE OTHER.
AND IT'LL BE RUN BY TYLER STONE, MY FATHER, WHO'S GONNA WIND UP STRANDING ME HERE IN THE PAST.
DONE.
THANKS.
DON'T THANK ME. IT'S MY JOB.
OKAY, WELL...UP YOURS. AND THANKS.
HEH.
YOU'RE WELCOME. HAPPY?
?
ECSTATIC.

THAT WOMAN, TEMPEST, IS SO STRANGE. WHEN I STOPPED THE MUGGERS FROM HURTING HER THE OTHER DAY...

SHE SEEMED UNGRATEFUL. NOT JUST UNGRATEFUL: ANGRY. LIKE SHE HAD A DEATH WISH.

MetLife

BUT WHY? WHY WOULD A YOUNG WOMAN SEEM TO WELCOME SOME THUGS WHO WERE DETERMINED TO BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF HER? IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

UNLESS SHE'S DEPRESSED. SUICIDAL. BUT WHY WOULD SHE BE?

I MEAN, JUST BECAUSE SHE'S GOT A DEAD-END JOB IN A LOUSY PART OF THE CITY...

YEAH, MAYBE IT'S NOT SO WEIRD AT THAT.

I WONDER IF I SHOULD DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

THEN AGAIN, WHY WOULD I? IT'S CERTAINLY NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

NO, MY BUSINESS IS ELSEWHERE. NAMELY...

ALCHEMAX.

WHERE MIGUEL O'HARA HIDES BEHIND THE NAME MIKE O'MARA IN ORDER TO AVOID MY NAME SHOWING UP IN ANY ALCHEMAX DOCUMENTATION DECADES FROM NOW.

ALCHEMAX, MY HOME AWAY FROM HOME.

UHM... CAN I HELP YOU?

I'M HERE TO SEE SPIDER-MAN.

WELL, YOU WON'T FIND HIM HERE.

THAT IS CONTRARY TO MY INFORMATION.

ALLOW ME TO CLARIFY: I SEEK THE SPIDER-MAN NATIVE TO THE YEAR 2099.

UH...HUH. MAY I ASK WHY?

I'M HERE TO DESTROY HIM.

IT IS NOTHING PERSONAL. SIMPLY AN ADJUSTMENT THAT HAS TO BE MADE.

YYYYEAH. OKAY. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE NOW.

IF NOT, WE'LL HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE.

I HAVE ANALYZED YOU. YOU POSE NO MAJOR CONTRIBUTION TO THE FUTURE.

HELP ME OR BE ERASED.

RIGHT, OKAY. THAT'S IT. YOU'RE GONNA TURN AND LEAVE NOW OR--

FWZAAAAK

ARRRHHHHH!

YOUR TWINS HAVE NOT BEEN SPAWNED YET.

ONE IS RUN OVER BY A CAR AND KILLED, BUT THE OTHER PERFORMS SERIOUS CANCER RESEARCH.

KILLING YOU WOULD BE DETRIMENTAL TO HUMANITY, BUT YOU CAN BE WOUNDED WITH IMPUNITY.

WHERE IS SPIDER-MAN? TELL ME NOW OR--

EIGHTEENTH FLOOR! HE'S ON THE EIGHTEENTH FLOOR!

ELEVATORS ARE TO THE RIGHT!

THANK YOU.

CONDOLENCES ON THE LOSS OF YOUR CHILD IN ELEVEN YEARS.

ALCHEMAX

POLICE! IT'S THE ALCHEMAX BUILDING!

SOME NUT CAME IN HERE LOOKING FOR SPIDER-MAN! I SENT HIM UP TO THE EXECUTIVE LEVEL 'CAUSE THEY DON'T PAY ME ENOUGH! HURRY!

YOU'RE SELLING ALL THE SPIDER-SLAYERS TO TRANS-SABAL?

BUT WHY?

BECAUSE THEY MADE THE BEST OFFER, MIKE. THAT SHOULD BE FAIRLY STRAIGHT-FORWARD.

TRANS-SABAL IS A DICTATORSHIP. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DO TO THE PEOPLE THERE?

TO THE WOMEN?

I UNDERSTAND IT'S HARDLY IDEAL, BUT--

HARDLY IDEAL? IT'S *BARBARIC!*

I'M SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY, MIKE. ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU'RE GOING TO BE HEADING THERE WITH ME.

EXCUSE ME?

IT'S A MAJOR DEAL, MIKE. IT NEEDS AMERICAN HANDS-ON.

TIBERIUS, THIS IS--

BWAAAT BWAAAT

NOW WHAT?!

THAT'S AN INTERNAL ALARM.

WE HAVE AN INTERNAL ALARM?

WE DO INDEED.

DON'T WORRY! I HAVE A *SAFE* ROOM! A SOLID FOOT OF TITANIUM WALLS. A TANK AT FULL BORE COULDN'T GET THROUGH.

WELL, *THAT'S* GOOD TO KNOW.

GOOD LUCK, MIKE. GIVE ME A FULL REPORT.

WAIT, WHAT?

ONLY ROOM FOR *ONE* IN HERE.

SNK

HARD TO BELIEVE HE'S MY GRANDFATHER.

NO, WAIT. ACTUALLY IT'S PRETTY EASY.

SPIDER-MAN! *THERE* YOU ARE.

AW, SHOCK.

UH, NO. NO, I'M NOT SPIDER-MAN. SORRY.

YOU ARE MIGUEL O'HARA. YOU ARE SPIDER-MAN NATIVE TO THE YEAR 2099.

I AM AN ADJUSTOR FROM *T.O.T.E.M.*

T.O.T.E.M.?

TEMPORAL OVERSIGHT TEAM ELIMINATING MISTAKES. I AM FROM THE YEAR 2211.

HOW SWEET. AND YOU'RE HERE TO BRING ME BACK HOME?

NO. I'M HERE TO *DESTROY YOU.*

FWZAAAAAK

LYLA! DROP THE CLOTHING HOLOGRAM! NOW!

YES, MIGUEL. DO YOU WANT ME TO ATTIRE YOU IN SOMETHING ELSE?

WHAT?!

HOW ABOUT A TUXEDO?

I DON'T--

--NEED A TUXE--OH, GREAT!

ACTUALLY IT LOOKS GOOD ON YOU.

DOESN'T IT, THOUGH?

BOTH OF YOU, *SHUT UP!* NO TUX! NOTHING!

YOU ARE NEEDLESSLY PROLONGING THIS.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY DO YOU HAVE TO KILL ME? IF YOU CAN TIME TRANSPORT, JUST TAKE ME BACK HOME!

THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL. BY 2211, TIME TRAVEL IS LIMITED ONLY TO THOSE WHO ARE AGENTS OF T.O.T.E.M., SUCH AS ME.

THAT'S *INSANE!*

I KNOW. GO ARGUE WITH THE LAW.

YOU'RE REALLY DRAGGING THIS OUT. IT'S SO POINTLESS...

UNFFFF!

OOOOFF!

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S--

UNF!

TARGET HIM! EXTREME FORCE!

WHERE THE SHOCK DID THESE GUYS COME FROM?!

NO! KEEP BACK! YOU'LL JUST ANNOY H--

FWAAAAZAAAAK

EEEYARR--

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

ALL RIGHT, THIS IS *RIDICULOUS.*

THIS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND.

GOTTA FIND A WAY TO STOP THIS GUY!

FWZAAAAK

UH-OH.

FWZAAAAK

TOO CLOSE. TOO CLOSE.

TIME TO GO.

SPIDER-MAN?! AGAIN?!

GREAT. LIZ ALLAN'S OFFICE. FIGURES.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? GET OUT!

WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU GOTTEN US INTO THE MIDDLE OF NOW?!

I'M NOT ACTUALLY SURE MYSELF.

JUST DUCK BEHIND YOUR DESK AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND YOU SHOULD BE FINE.

WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?

I'M SPIDER-MAN, OBVIOUSLY.

NO, I SAW YOU *WITH* SPIDER-MAN ***WEEKS*** AGO. AND EVEN IF I HADN'T, I'D KNOW YOU'RE NOT HIM. YOU SOUND OLDER AND YOU'RE NOT CRACKING JOKES.

FINE. A PRIEST, A NUN AND A RABBI WALK INTO A BAR. YOU'D THINK ONE OF THEM WOULD HAVE SEEN IT.

HAPPY? NOW HIDE BEHIND THE--

FWAAAK

OH, FANTASTIC

DOWN!

THIS IS TAKING TOO LONG. I HAVE OTHER JOBS TO ATTEND T--

WAIT...IS THAT ELIZABETH ALLAN?

YEAH. WHY?

I CAN MAKE YOU AN OFFER.

I'M LISTENING.

SHE'S ALREADY HAD HER SON, CORRECT? WELL...

ONE OF THE MAIN REASONS YOU NEED TO BE REMOVED FROM THIS TIME AND PLACE INVOLVES THINGS YOU DO WITH HER.

IT'S BENDING THE LAW SLIGHTLY, BUT IF YOU ALLOW ME TO DESTROY *HER*, THEN I CAN MAKE THE CASE TO LEAVE YOU BE.

SHE DIES, I LIVE?
I CAN ARRANGE THAT, YES.
HMMM.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "HMMM"?! YOU CAN'T JUST...
SOLD.
WAIT, WHAT?!
SO YOU BLOW HER OUT OF EXISTENCE AND I CAN LIVE MY LIFE?
I'M QUITE SURE I CAN SELL THAT TO MY SUPERIORS, YES.
GO AHEAD. I DON'T HAVE ANY ATTACHMENT TO HER.
THAT'S VERY REASONABLE OF YOU.
NO! NO, YOU *CAN'T!*
I'M AFRAID I *CAN*, MS. ALLAN. YOUR FUTURE ACTIVITIES IN LINE WITH SPIDER-MAN WILL HAVE *DISASTROUS* CONSEQUENCES. HE WAS MY TARGET, BUT HE'S PROVING TO BE *PROBLEMATIC*.
YOU WILL BE... LESS SO, I EXPECT.
IF IT'S OF ANY CONSEQUENCE, THIS WON'T HURT A BIT.

GOODBYE, MS. ALLAN.

EH?

THWIIP

PLEASE LET THIS WORK.

NOOO!

N--

OKAY, WELL...*THAT* HAPPENED.

WHAT... I DON'T... WHAT...?

BYE.

THE, UH-- S-MAN.

WAIT! WHO... WHO *ARE* YOU?!

THE S-MAN? WHAT KIND OF NAME IS THAT?!

MS. ALLAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!

FINE. I'M FINE, I'M...

ARE ANY OF OUR WINDOWS BROKEN?

WHAT?

OUR WINDOWS. ARE ANY BROKEN?

UH... NO, I DON'T *THINK* SO.

VERIFY IT YOURSELF. AND ONCE YOU HAVE, I WANT TO SEE ALL OUR EMPLOYEE RECORDS.
ALL OF--?
EVERYONE. FROM THE TOP EXECS TO THE MAILROOM GUYS.
UH, OKAY. WHY?
SPIDER-MAN...WHETHER HE'S OURS OR THE S-MAN OR WHOEVER...NEVER JUST WALKS IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR. HE COMES IN THROUGH A WINDOW.
AND SINCE OUR WINDOWS ARE SEALED, HE WOULD HAVE HAD TO BREAK HIS WAY IN.
AND IF HE DIDN'T, THEN THAT MEANS HE WAS ALREADY HERE.
AND IF HE WAS ALREADY HERE...
THEN THAT MEANS HE *WORKS* HERE.
OR HE COULD HAVE BEEN AN OUTSIDER HAVING A *MEETING* HERE.
TRUE. GET ME THE NAMES OF ALL OUR VISITORS AS WELL. BUT FRANKLY THAT'S ALMOST TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE.
NO, I THINK HE'S AN EMPLOYEE.
I THINK I HAVE A SUPER HERO ON MY PAYROLL. AND IF THAT'S THE CASE...
THEN I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE HE WINDS UP SUPERHEROING FOR *ME*.
Next: Women & Secrets!